National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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CAIRO IN 1861.

The Most Important Strategic Point in the West.

A FORLORN RENDEZVOUS.

Discouraging Introduction to the Realities of War.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Awful Suspense of the Women Who Waited and Watched at Cairo.

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

THE vast territory lying to the south, southwest and southeast of Cairo, Ill., depended upon the Mississippi River prior to the rebellion as almost the only channel through which they conveyed to the markets their cotton, molasses and sugar; and through the same source passed the larger supplies of grain, flour and other commodities.

The Mississippi River and its principal tributaries bounded the shores of several States that had cast their lot with Secession. The lands of these States were owned by the few wealthy slave-holders, who had colonies of slaves, but very few neighbors beyond the kindred and families of the same estate.

"King Cotton," as they were wont to style their chief product, brought them a rich harvest of money when shipped to distant marts, but could not be consumed or utilized within their own borders, destitute as they were of manufactories. Hence many thousand bales of cotton, hogsheads of tobacco and barrels of molasses and sugar found their way to the North on the steamers plying between the cities of Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Cairo, and Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez and New Orleans, of the lower South.

Coming up the Mississippi River, they touched at Cairo before going on to St. Louis, or to Louisville and Cincinnati, on the Ohio. Here they dropped that which was intended for the extreme North and East, whither it was taken by rail.

It was

A WEIRD SIGHT

to see the black stevedores, clad only in turbans and pantaloons, rolling these bales and barrels on to the levee at Cairo by the light of pine torches planted on the shore, all the while chanting some plantation song as they pulled and tugged at the heavy burdens, as if to lighten their loads by their own strange melodies. As soon as all was off, and the steamer again "pulled out" and went puffing on her way, one could hear the boatmen still singing as they lay on the piles of freight on the deck resting from their labors.

Cairo was in those days little better than the doleful picture given in "Martin Chuzzelwitt" of it under the fictitious name of "Eden"; as unlike one's idea of the Eden of Paradise as possible. Often it was deluged by overflows, whose waters stagnated in every depression and were soon covered by a green scum; almost cutting it off from the highlands by that dismal swamp, which extended nearly across the State. There was little chance to build a city. Disease from miasmatic influences frightened away many who came to make their homes and fortunes there. Ague, wooden structures, standing pools of stagnant water, bilious and listless white people, shiftless and wretched negroes was about all there was of Cairo prior to 1861, save the few enterprising men that are found everywhere.

Geographically so well situated, the "Great Captains" saw that from Cairo there could be moved armies that would sweep the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf, and southeastward through Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas to the Atlantic Ocean. Driving before them the best fighting elements of the Southern Confederacy, when once on the soil of these States they could gather subsistence from the country over which they passed. They foresaw that the cotton-fields must soon be given up, and that corn and grain for their own armies and people would take its place.

It was not for them to consider the inconveniences, difficulties and discomforts attending the assembling and organizing of their armies, but to conceive and issue orders, and leave it to the patriotic volunteer officers and soldiers to execute their plans. The

FATHOMLESS MUD

was not the only unpleasant feature of Cairo at that time. The sudden concentration of thousands of men in the little city, with its half a dozen small hotels and overflowed surroundings, rendered existence a problem. Transportation was inadequate to the great number struggling to reach the point from which the great army was to move. Habitations of houses or tents were not obtainable for all these civilians or soldiers congregated there. Quartermasters and Commissaries were inefficient, and without conception of the requirements of a great army and its followers.

One single-track railroad with insufficient rolling stock was to carry all the men, all the supplies, all the horses, all the ordnance and freight necessary for the immediate organization and equipment of the Army of the Mississippi.

The river steamers were busy, but a majority of the men and supplies came from the North. The course of the rivers were not available, and hence the Illinois Central Railroad was almost the only means of conveying everything to the base of operations. The continuous trains going and coming kept the people along the line of the road in a state of feverish excitement, and impressed them with the stupendous preparations for the conflict.

The most extravagant imagination had never thought that the little city of wooden houses sitting behind the levees that lined the shores of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers at their junction could ever be of so much importance in the Nation's weal; or that it was the key to the Valley of the Mississippi; or that the army rendezvoused and equipped within its small limits was destined to "hew their way to the Gulf." The men of the West would not believe that the South would

"SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES."

ever establish a blockade or fire upon the "flag of the free." Finally the shot was heard and the wide-mouthed cannon mounted on the river bank at Columbus, turned toward the North, announced the establishment of the barrier. Fired by indignation and patriotism, they rallied to their country's call like the hosts of Rhoderic Dhu.

ACCUSTOMED TO PIONEERING

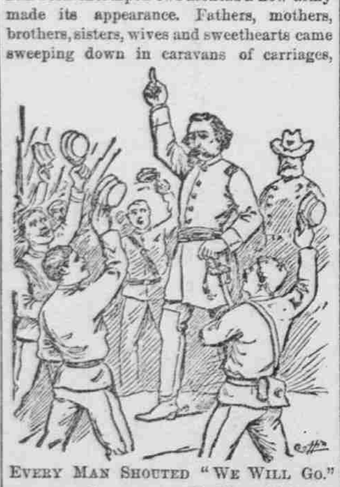
and "roughing it," they were equal to the exigencies of the time. They waited not for the regulation appointments, but with earnestness that meant success began at once to acquire the profession of the soldier. The old Belgian muskets with which they were first armed served every purpose for mastering the manual of arms, many officers drilling their commands for hours each day. Cheerfulness and a willingness to do whatever was to be done, and to accept whatever came, characterized the conduct of every man, notwithstanding the revolting feelings that sometimes came over them before they became accustomed to receiving and cooking their own rations and doing the police duty necessary in camp.

I remember once watching the face of a sentinel as he paced his beat and looked with intense disgust at the unloading with iron shovels of the loaves of bread out of a wagon-bed in front of the tent where it was to be issued to the companies. This young man had left a home of comfort and plenty, where his fond and fastidious mother presided. Visions of her delicious cookery, snowy table-linen and transparent china made the rough loaves thrown from the shovel to not an over-clean board table anything but tempting. In a few months afterward the forbidding loaves would have been hailed with delight in place of the hardtack that had not been softened or rendered more palatable by being carried in a haversack for days.

Doing guard and police duty with a lowering sky above them and mud and water beneath their feet, made many a soldier sick at heart, and caused his courage to drop in the scale of heroism, when first learning the duties of a son of Mars.

The discipline of walking to and fro with a gun upon his shoulder in the wee small hours of a stormy night was a different thing from marching away on gala day to the time of "Yankee Doodle," or with the drums and fifes beating and whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Day after day they came, till almost every spot of dry ground around the city was covered with the white tents of the Boys in Blue. The novelty of camp life soon vanished; attacks of illness unavoidable with so many together in an inhospitable climate, and the discomforts that beset them, brought on an irresistible longing to return to home and friends. But furloughs were not to be thought of with all they had to learn and to do. No law, however, could prevent friends from coming to them; and ere they had been encamped two months a new army made its appearance. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts came sweeping down in caravans of carriages,



EVERY MAN SHOUTED "WE WILL GO."

wagons and every conceivable vehicle and in every imaginable manner, and pitched their tents and built their brush houses as near the regiment in which they were interested as the commanding officers would permit. Every moment off duty one could see company officers and men wending their way to the

CAMPS OUTSIDE THE LINES,

where devoted ones were waiting to greet them. Many delicacies and "treats" brought from home were enjoyed during the brief hours of a pass outside the lines. The Generals and Colonels swore they would never be able to discipline the troops. They longed to move to the front, or to have the power to order the civilian army to their homes. It was no use; there they staid till the storms and blasts of approaching Winter forced them to say a last good-by and retreat. In many cases it was literally the last farewell, for the fate of war bore them to that unknown land from which there is no return.

So time moved on. One day word came that a company stationed at Big Muddy Bridge had completed their three months' service, and declined to renew their enlistment. Gov. Yates urged them, but of no avail. A special train was ordered, and Gen. McClernand was directed to take Col. John A. Logan up there and see if they could not persuade the men to remain in the service. One bright morning the party set out. Arriving at the bridge, 60 miles above Cairo, on the Illinois Central Railroad, they got off the train and wandered about the camp of a few tents which the men had occupied while protecting the bridge from the torch of the Southern sympathizers that lived in the vicinity, who had hoped by burning it to delay transportation of troops en route for Cairo over the Illinois Central Railroad.

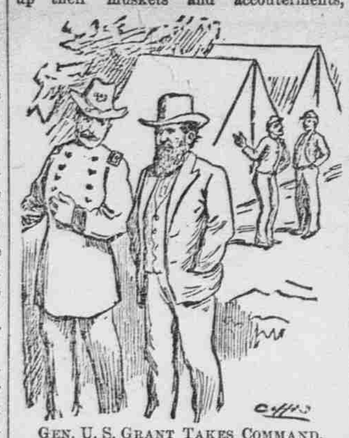
Mounting a box, Gen. McClernand spoke feelingly to the men, and urged them "to stand by the flag." Still no signs came from them as to what they would do. Col. Logan followed with an appeal to them "to come on, boys; fear not death, but dishonor." Every man shouted, "We will go," and before the hour for the train to take the party back to Cairo had arrived, one by one the men had taken the oath to serve for three years, unless sooner discharged by reason of disability or peace.

For weeks regiment after regiment arrived, and were assigned to the most available spot where they could possibly camp. Every one felt that extensive movements must be contemplated to have occasioned such gigantic preparations.

Who was to command the expedition was still a secret. One morning the news of the arrival of

THE NEW COMMANDER

flew from regiment to regiment. He had relieved Gen. Oglesby and put him in command of Bird's Point, on the opposite side of the river. He was none other than the hitherto unknown Gen. U. S. Grant. It was announced that he would at once inspect every regiment in and around Cairo, to inform himself of their efficiency and the full strength of his forces. Hurriedly company and regimental officers began preparing for his visit. Soldiers polished up their muskets and accouterments,



GEN. U. S. GRANT TAKES COMMAND.

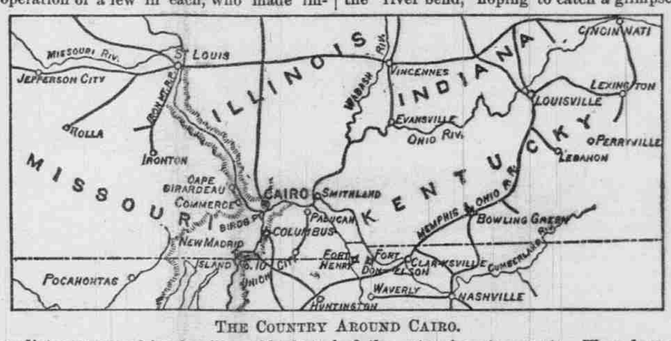
brushed their shoddy uniforms, and were speedily ready to be "ordered out." Expecting every moment that Gen. Grant and staff would appear in full uniform and much military display, they waited impatiently. Imagine their surprise when informed that the unpretending, sturdy gentleman in citizen's dress who had just ridden by on a very ordinary claybank horse, attended by one officer and one or two of the officers on duty at General Headquarters, was Gen. Grant. Going directly to the Colonel's headquarters, he introduced himself and signified his desire to go through the quarters of the regiment and to see the men of his command. Leaving their horses at each Colonel's tent, and, accompanied by that officer, they walked through the company aisles and personally inspected everything and every man in camp. By this business-like procedure, void of all display and pagentry, Gen. Grant won the confidence and admiration of officers and men. He afterward said that they were as fine a body of men as he had ever seen; that he would trust them anywhere to meet any equal number in any engagement.

Almost continuous drilling and manuvering filled up every hour for many days subsequent. The soldiers had little time for larks "or homesickness." The malarious climate, however, began to tell upon the troops, and a great many became seriously sick.

Surgeons and Medical Purveyors were at a loss to know what to do. Beyond the power to seize and condemn a building for hospital purposes they could do but little. The supplies in that department had been as heavily drawn upon as any other. Requisitions remained unfilled for days, weeks, and even months. The West was so far from the seat of war that they were the last to receive consideration. Houses large enough for such use were hard to get, and in many instances not to be found. The 31st Ill., like other regiments, had many sick and no hospital. After much effort a small hotel was found and seized for a hospital for that regiment. The helpless Surgeon was

THE PICTURE OF DESPAIR.

There was the building and many sick men, and no cots or anything else with which to make them comfortable. The Purveyor was busy telegraphing and trying to get a response to his requisitions. The poor sick men reported to the hospital, laid down on the bare floors, with their knapsacks for pillows and their blankets wound around them. Growing impatient at the long delay in receiving supplies, and worried over the suffering and death of some of the men, Col. Logan was almost discouraged, when it was suggested that in a few hours all they needed could be obtained by an appeal to their friends at home. Suiting the action to the thought, a party took a train and went to the towns on the line of the railroad, secured the cooperation of a few in each, who made im-



THE COUNTRY AROUND CAIRO.

mediate canvass, asking for pillows, blankets, and anything in the line of sanitary stores. In 48 hours vast quantities of jellies, cordials, fruits, and everything needed for the sick were obtained. Piles of pillows, comforters and home-spun blankets were landed in that hospital, that making every man happy as he spied the familiar articles from home. These blankets were made in bright colors, not unlike the famous "Roman stripes," and were so showy and comfortable, and attracted so much attention, that the hospital was known a long time afterward as the "striped hospital" of the 31st regiment. Pavilion and hospital tents afterward were invented and used, but in the early days of the war there was nothing of the kind in use in the West.

Officers and men were impatient at the routine duties of camp life, and longed for marching orders. At last they were gratified. Orders came that rations were to be cooked, ammunition to be issued, and everything to be made

READY FOR A MARCH,

whither they knew not, and cared but little, so they were on the move. When the hour for starting arrived they filed out of camp. Marching by companies they were soon drawn up in position on the levee, ready to take the transports. The boats came steaming round the point, and rounding to the wharves, all were embarked, as the soldiers supposed, for eventful fields. However, before they had settled down or taken in the situation the boats put into the Missouri shore, and they were landed and formed in marching order to push forward across the country.

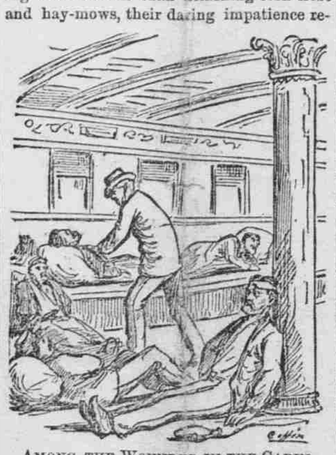
All was expectancy, as they supposed the enemy were not far distant.

They found, however, that it was foraging and not fighting that was before them. Jeff Thompson had collected together large quantities of corn, hay, bacon, etc., for his command of freebooters, which was duly reported to headquarters, and Gen. Grant determined to send over there and press the farmers into hauling to the river all they could bring away on the boats, and to destroy the rest.

It was amusing to hear the soldiers talking about the expedition. Their idea then of war was that all engagements between contending forces must occur upon a field, where each army would be drawn up in a line in strict accordance with military tactics.

They freely canvassed the question of ability to keep their "courage up," or to prevent their legs from carrying them in the opposite direction when commanded to charge bayonets. Hitherto the enemy had not materialized, but as soldiering in camp had proved more real than the holiday training-day of militia service, they began to fear the enchantment of distance between them and the enemy was so rapidly shortening that they must face the foe or play the coward, and while impatience had characterized their conversation, they did not exactly relish the prospect of an engagement.

When, however, they found it was nothing more serious than attacking corn-cribs and hay-mows, their daring impatience re-



AMONG THE WOUNDED IN THE CABIN.

turned, and expressions of disgust were heard from every direction. More crestfallen soldiers never returned to their quarters. For many days they continued the monotonous duties of camp life, with continuous rain and mud to contend against, till Nov. 7, when again orders came for cooked rations, and everything to be put in readiness for a bona-fide expedition in pursuit of the enemy. They were quietly informed that this time they would be initiated in the mysteries of real war. All was bustle and confusion till each regiment was in line on the levee in the order in which they were to embark. Hurrying on board the transports they waved a good-by to the multitude of men, women and children who had flocked to the levees for a last adieu to fathers, husbands, brothers, or sweethearts, as they sailed away, the band playing "We are coming, Father Abraham," and other patriotic airs. All the next day the

SOUND OF CANNONADING

told sadly and painfully that the battle of Belmont was on. The streets and levees were thronged with anxious people trembling for the morrow, knowing only that some loved one was in the fight. Silently they trod the levees, trying to look beyond the "river bend," hoping to catch a glimpse of the returning transports. They knew from the direction of the sound of the firing that the troops were on the Missouri side, and that the gaping guns stationed on the shore at Columbus would prevent the frail wooden crafts, or even the gunboats, from going below that point. They were sure the boats would return. Hour after hour rolled slowly away, and still no tidings save the continuous knell of the cannon's roar. Darkness cut off every hope of seeing anything save the lights on the vessels, should they appear. Nothing daunted, still they lingered and watched. Finally toward the early dawn a light, like a meteor, was seen to dart round the bend; another and still another came, till at last the outline of the fleet could be seen. The nearer they approached the more intense the agony of the anxious watchers on shore. Slowly rounding in, the vessels soon touched the wharf, and the weary and depleted regiments solemnly disembarked and marched to the tented quarters they had quitted 36 hours before.

Eagerly the anxious people on the shore gazed at every officer and man as he walked the gangway from the boat to the wharf, each looking for some friend. Exclamations of joy rang out as they were recognized among the safe and sound as they passed. Again cries of distress were heard as first one and then another were missed from their places in the lines. Then came the prisoners under guard. Then civilians who knew their friends were not in the line were allowed to go on board the boats, to find them among the wounded, dying or dead as they lay stretched in the cabins and on the decks of the vessels.

With tear-dimmed eyes, blanched faces and quivering lips they moved cautiously from one to another in search of some loved one among the fallen. All the pomp and circumstance of chivalry and military glory had vanished. Naught but the agony of pain and terror of death remained. Tenderly covering the face of the dead with anything they could get, and trying to soothe the suffering of the wounded,

BRAVE WOMEN

worked away till ambulances and wagons came and took them one by one away to the hospitals that had been hastlily prepared for the corps so suddenly assigned to them.

Hotels and private houses had been seized, and the inefficient Purveyors and Quartermasters had put them in as good condition as their meager and ill-assorted supplies would permit. For days and weeks physicians, surgeons and volunteer nurses kept their constant vigils trying to save as many as possible from the list of death's sad roll.

During these eventful months a great change had swept over Cairo. Houses sprang up like mushrooms; shops and stores were everywhere. Jew and Gentile flocked to the now over-crowded city. Some came for good, some for ill; by far the greater number, like cormorants, for gain. The blockade continued. No more were seen the cotton-laden steamers and their sable boatmen. Supplies for an increasing army took the place on the levees of the old-time Southern products of cotton, sugar and molasses. Infantry, cavalry and artillery were moving here and there in their busy preparations for the forward move that was soon made, and Cairo was allowed to relapse into the humdrum of its pioneer days.

CAMPFIRE SONG.

BY CHAS. H. DOING.

Oh, comrades, staunch and loyal to the sacred cause of right,
We meet in heart-communion and friendship's name to-night,
To renew the vow fraternal, and our troth to Freedom plight,
As time goes marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
As time goes marching on.

On our brows is writ the story of the hardships of the strife;
In our hearts is stored the glory that we saved the Nation's life,
And we hold our country's honor next to that of child and wife,
As time goes marching on.

Then clasp your hands, oh, comrades, and shout the grand refrain,
With the hope in every bosom that we shall all meet again;
A song for heroes living, and an anthem for the slain,
As time goes marching on.

Beginning of a New Life.

[*New York Sun.*]

"My beloved brethern," said a Western minister, "it fills my heart with joy to inform you that the Mayor of our little city has experienced a change of heart, and hereafter will labor with us in advancing our great and glorious cause."

Murmurs of approval among the congregation.

"And as a mark of the respect and esteem we hold for him, and the high confidence we repose in our new brother, the taking up of the collection will be intrusted to his care on this blessed Sabbath morn."

A Boy Spy in Dixie.

Service Under the Shadow of the Hangman's Noose.

AMONG FRIENDS AT LAST.

Escorted to the Union Camp By an Armed Guard.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

At Home and on to Washington Once More.

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BEFORE he could answer my question, which had been put as pointedly as if demanding money or life, in regular highwayman style, Lanyard, with a shout of pleased surprise came over to me, saying:

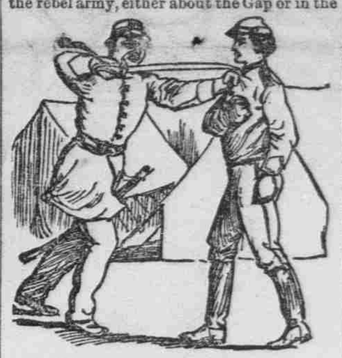
"Bully for us; we are all right, my old chum;" and turning to the cavalrymen, who seemed to be getting ready for a combat or a conspiracy, he said:

"This is my old chum, that I was telling about;" then turning to me, for I was not yet fully satisfied in my own mind:

"Why in —— didn't you tell me, so that we could come together?"

The youngest of the troopers was a handsome boy of about 19 or 20, who informed me that he was a Kentuckian, and of a company of Kentucky cavalrymen in the Union army.

Of course I had known, by that peculiar instinct born of a soldier's daily experience of months among his own kind, that the two cavalrymen were not from the army I had just left. Probably it was because I remembered at the first glance of them that I had not seen any such looking troopers in the rebel army, either about the Gap or in the



"I AM A PRISONER AND UNARMED."

interior country beyond, through which I had so recently traveled miles on horseback.

I was further confirmed in this first impression by observing on the closer approach of the men that they not only were well dressed in their blue clothes, but they were both well mounted and fully armed with carbines and sabers, which were supported by neat and genuine-looking leather belts across their breasts, upon which were the big brass U. S. buckle-plates. Another peculiarity that I remember most distinctly is, that I was struck with the fact that the two horsemen were dressed and armed exactly alike.

It made this impression on me at this time, you will understand, because I had been for so long absent, and had been familiar only with the rather mixed and motley crowd of rebel soldiers, in their assorted gray uniforms of independent cut and pattern, as well as a variety of style in the trimmings. In East Tennessee, particularly, very few of the rebel troops were what may be called uniformly dressed.

Of course there was a general tendency to a gray in color, but it always seemed to me, while among them, that the rebels from the different parts of the South showed a funny variety of tastes in regard to the correct and proper shade of their gray uniforms.

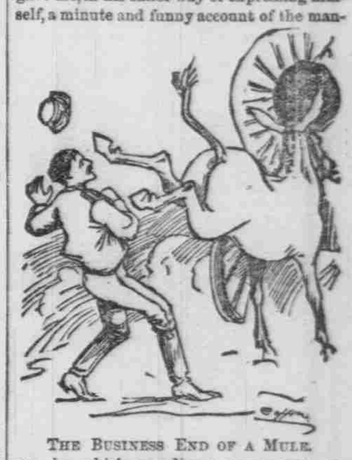
It was more frequently composed of home-spun material of coarse texture that would be more properly described as a reddish gray or brown, or a mixed butternut in color, than of a gray. Sometimes the trimmings on the cuffs and collars were of black; but often the blue, yellow and red, the distinctive facings of the infantry, cavalry and artillery, would be combined in the line of one company of rebel infantry, according to the individual taste of the wearer or his girl. As a rule, the officers wore the correct shade of gray when they could get it.

But to resume. What puzzled me most was the appearance in front of the troopers of my old comrades, Lanyard and Baker. I was naturally a little suspicious at that time, as I recalled my narrow escape in Virginia through an over-confidence in the blue uniform. But that was at midnight, and here it was broad daylight in the open road.

After some "mutual explanations and introductions," with a general hand-shaking all around, wherein it was laughingly agreed amogst them that my Jack Shepard manner of jumping out of a bush to demand satisfaction was a good joke on my part. I "fell in" with Lanyard and Baker, and together we marched on ahead of the two cavalrymen towards the Union camp. Though I was tired and well-nigh exhausted, I walked ahead so briskly and stepped out so joyously that I was almost keeping the horses on a trot to keep up with us. This fact elicited from the older of the Kentucky cavalrymen an observation to his comrade that comprised about all the words that I remember to have heard him speak while we were in his company:

"My Goodness! don't that fellow travel!"

As we walked along together Lanyard gave me, in his sailor way of expressing himself, a minute and funny account of the man-



THE BUSINESS END OF A MULE.

ner in which my disappearance was accounted for by my late companions-in-arms at the Gap.

I will say here, lest I omit to mention it hereafter, and thereby confuse the readers of this narrative, that during my varied experience as a scout and spy, while traveling in our own as well as in the enemy's lines, and while so often necessarily in communication with officers of well-known authority in our army, I have never failed in a single instance to observe

THE ALL-IMPORTANT LAW

of a scout, which is, to talk on the strict business in which he is engaged only to the officer who had given the specific order to do the work.

The observation of this rule frequently caused me to encounter hardships that I might easily have avoided by explaining at times to our own officers the character of some undertaking which to them seemed inexplicable. Therefore, when I came out of Cumberland Gap and met the Union forces, and was naturally feeling greatly exhilarated in spirit and somewhat softened by my old Comrade Lanyard's confidence in giving me his full history, I was able to control my overflowing feelings sufficiently to prevent my giving out, even to him, at such a time, anything except that small part of my history and purposes which I thought advisable.

I briefly and hastily told him, as we hurried along the road together, that I had been captured at the first battle of Bull Run and had escaped, and was for some time sick and concealed; and, as a means to facilitate my return to the Union army and to get a living in the meantime, I had joined the rebel battery at Richmond.

"Well," exclaimed Lanyard, "I never thought you were a real Yankee. Why didn't you say something to me before? I was your best friend always."

Then with a loud laugh and a slap on my tired back, that nearly knocked me off my feet, he made a break for the little fat Dutch baker.

"Say, Baker, aint you just playing off as a Dutchman? Come, now, lets hear you talk plain United States; you are in a free country."

The baker had suddenly dodged to the other side of the road when the hilarious Lanyard reached his ponderous claws toward him, and only grinned back in broad Dutch his reply to the suggestion.

After a little more of this sort of "skylarking," as he called it, he cooled down sufficiently to talk in a more rational way, but kept on using, by way of emphasis, as Parson Brownlow would say, "good mouth-filling oaths that would blister a sailor's lips."

"Why, blank it, I only shipped with this gang of pirates until we could reach some civilized port where I could get ashore amongst white people."

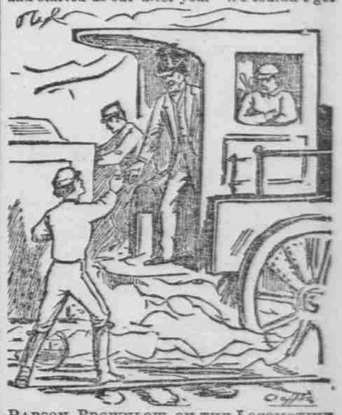
Lanyard was opposed to "d——d niggers," and had somehow become full of the contrary notion that the South was fighting to retain the colored population, and the North wished to free them merely that they could be sent, as he said, "back to Africa, where they belonged."

"You were

NOT MISSED FROM CAMP

last night until it was time to turn in. The duffer that was on watch up on the volcano back there, reported to his partner who took his place that you had said you were sick and had gone down to the house below to get a hot supper; so he told him not to shoot at you when you came in to roost."

"Our old chum, the Colonel, you know, he got excited because you didn't show up; so he had to turn us out to go down to the old house to fetch you in. I told him it was no use, that you would be too drunk to walk up the hill; but he made me take a mate out of our mess, and started us out after you. We couldn't get



PARSON BROWNLOW ON THE LOCOMOTIVE

by the watchman. We told the blasted fool that we had to go down the hill to find you, but he kept fooling with his gun and swore he'd sink us if we tried to run out of port.

"Pretty soon the racket and loud talk brought an officer and a whole gang of fellows onto us, and we were taken to the guard-house. We had to stay there half the night before any one of our fellows came to help us out; then the Colonel and Elkton figured around, and by a lot of talking they were allowed to take us back to our shanty to finish the rest of the night.

"Now I wanted to get out of that country and go to New York terrible bad, but I never would have thought of going down into that woods to find a path to New York. It looked